THE EIGHTH VVONDER OF THE WORLD,

9.

OR

CORIATS ESCAPE *from his supposed drowning.*

WITH

HIS SAFE ARRIVALL AND entertainment at the famous Citty of Constantinople; And also how hee was honourably Knighted with a sword of King PRIAMS.

WITH

The manner of his proceeding in his peregrination through the Turkish Territories towards the antient memorable Citty of IERVSALEM.

By IOHN TAYLOR.

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To the Mighty, Magnificent, *Potent, and Powerfull Knight,*

Sir Thomas Parſons, (*alias*) Pheander, (*alias*) Knight of the Sunne, Great Champion to *Apollo*, Palatine of *Phœbus*, Sword-bearer to *Sol*, Tilter to *Tytan*, Houſekeeper to *Hiperion*, and heire apparant to the inuiſible kingdome of the Fairies: your deuoted Votary, IOHN TAYLOR, wiſheth your Worſhits wiſedomes Longitude, Latitude, Altitude, and Craſſitude may increaſe aboue the Ridiculos multitude of the moſt eminent *Stultorums of this latter age.*

TO thee braue knight, who from the Delphian God
I conſecrate theſe famous Acts of Odcomb:
To thee alone, and vnto none but thee,
For Patronage my toyling Muſe doth flee.
I gaue my drowning Coriat *vnto* Archy,
And with his faire eſcape to thee now march I,
Not doubting but thou wilt in kindneſſe take
Theſe lines thus writ, for his, and thy deare ſake.

If thou in kindneſſe wilt accept this taske,
Hereafter I will better things vn-caske,
And make the world thy worth to glory at
In greater meaſure then at Coriat.
Il'e mount thee vp in verſe paſt Charles his Waine,
Il'e make the Moone Endimion *to diſdaine,*
Il'e write in euer-daring lines thy fame,
As farre as Phœbus ſpreads his glorious flame.
Il'e make tree plucke ſterne Saturne *by the Chaps,*
And braue great Ioue *amids his thunder-clappes.*
Il'e cauſe thy praiſe t'eclipſe the God of Armes,
Il'e make Dame Venus *yeeld to loues alarmes.*
The nimble Mercury *ſhall be thy foot-man,*
If thou wilt grace my lines: therefore looke too't man.
But if to patronize mee thou doſt ſcorne,
'Twere better then thou neuer hadſt been borne:
For 'gainſt diſdaine my Muſes one ſort is,
To write with Gall, *commixt with* Aqua-fortis:
And Vinegar, *and* Sale, *and* Sublimatum,
Which where it falles will 'corch & ſcall: probatum.
Then at thou lou'ſt the Fairy Queene thine Aunt,
Daine to vouchſafe this poore and triuiall graunt:
Then I thy Poet will with low Subiection,
Proceed to write Tom Coriats Reſurrection.

Yours euer whoſe endeauour
ſhall perſeuer in your ſeruice,

IOHN TAYLOR.

To the knowing Reader.

NOw ſir, it is a common cuſtomary vſe in theſe times, to ſalute you with ſomewhat; as Honeſt, Kinde, Curteous, Louing, Friendly, or Gentle: but all theſe Epithites are ouer-worne, and doe, as it were, ſtinke of the fuſty garbe of Antiquity. Beſides, if I ſhould come vpon you with any of theſe claw-backe-tearmes, I might chance to belye you. But if your kinde diſpoſition doe merit to bee called kinde, I pray let me finde it in your fauourable cenſure. Some will (perhaps) diſlike that I do dedicate my bookes to *Archy*, and Sir *Thomas*, and ſuch like: To them I anſwere, that my ſubiect beeing altogether fooliſh, I were very abſurd to thinke that any wiſe man would be my Patron: And it were mere folly for me to make a hotch-potch, in ſeeking to compound wiſedome and folly togeather. But howſoeuer thou

eſteemeſt it, it thruſts it ſelfe into thy view; wherin (if thou beeſt not too much drowned in Melancholy) thou wilt ſhew thy teeth (if thou haſt any) with laughing. And as my lines are ſomewhat defectiue in their ſhape, ſo I pray thee, do not hacke them, nor hew them with thy ſtammering, to make them worſe, nor Buzzard-blaſt them with thy calumniating mewes, tuſhes, and ſcuruyes. Thus leauing thee to thy ſelfe, and my ſelfe vnto thee, I remaine thine as thou reſpects me,

John Taylor.

The

The cauſe of the contention betwixt ſir *Thomas the Scholer*, and *Iohn the Sculler*.

A Pamphlet printed was, *The Sculler* nam'd,
Wherein Sir *Thomas* much my writing blam'd;
Becauſe an Epigram therein was written,
In which he ſaid he was nipt, gal'd and bitten.
He frets, he fumes, he rages and exclaimes,
And vowes to rouze me from the Riuer Tnames.
Well, I to make him ſome amends for that,
Did write a Booke was cal'd *Laugh and be fat:*
In which hee ſaid I wrong'd him ten times more,
And made him madder then he was before.
Then did he ſtorme, and chaſe, and ſweare, and ban,
And to ſuperiour powers amaine he ran,
Where he obtain'd *Laugh and be fat's* confuſion,
Who all were burnt, and made a hot concluſion.

Then

Then after that, when rumour had him drown'd,
(The newes whereof my vexed Muſe did wound)
I writ a letter to th'Elizian coaſt,
T'appeaſe his angry wrong incenſed Ghoſt.
The which my poore inuention then did call,
Odcombs Complaint, or *Coriats Funerall.*
But ſince true newes is come, he ſcap'd that danger,
And through hot Sun-burnt *Aſia* is a ranger.
His raiſing from the dead I thought to write,
To pleaſe my ſelfe, and giue my friends delight:

The Worlds eighth Wonder, *Or Coriats Reuiuing.*

LO I the man whose Muse did lately forage,
Through winds and seas with dreadlesse dantlesse corage,
And to the life, in hodg-podge rime expreſt,
How *Odcomb Coriat* was great *Neptunes* gueſt.
How *Thetis* sweetely lul'd him in her lappe,
And (as her darling) fed the Barne with pappe.
How big mouth'd *Eol* storm'd, and puft, and blew:
And how both winds and Seas with all their crew
Were pleas'd & displeas'd, tumbled, rag'd and toſt,
The Gainers glad, and mad were they that loſt.
Theſe tedious taskes my toyling Muſe hath run,
And what ſhe did, for *Coriats* sake was dun.
Shee hath transported him to *Bassoms* Inne,
Where in a Basket he hath hanged bin:
Shee hath inuoul'd him in the hungry deepe,
In hope to leaue him in eternall sleepe:

Yet

Yet hauing hang'd him fiſt, and after drown'd him,
My poore laborious Muſe againe hath found him.
For 'tis her duty ſtill to waite and ſerue him (him.
Although the Fates ſhould hang, or drowne, or ſterue
The fatall ſiſters ſerue his turne ſo pat,
That ſure he hath more liues then hath a Cat.
Heroes neuer paſt ſo many dangers
As he hath done, amongſt his friends, and ſtrangers.
Hee runs through all his actions with ſuch eaſe,
As Hogs eate Acorns, or as Pidgeons Peaſe.
There's nothing in the world can him diſgrace,
Not being beaten in a lowzy caſe:
Nor Trunks, nor Puncks, nor ſtocks, nor mocks, nor (moes,
Nor being made an Aſſe in Rime and Proſe:
Nor hanging, drowning, carting, nor the blanquet,
The ſe honours all are his, the Gods be thanked.

BVt now me-thinkes ſome curious itching eare,
Doth long to me ſportiue newes of him to heare.

For

For being in the Ocean buried vnder,
And now aliue againe, 'tis more then wonder:
But how theſe wondrous wonders came to paſſe,
I (as I can) will tell you how it was.

VVHen firſt this mirrour 'mongſt a world of (Nations,
(This great ingroſer of ſtrange obſeruati-
Was bound for *Conſtantines* braue noble Citty, {ons)
Then he (who is Wit-all, or elſe all witty)
Whoſe vigilance lets no aduantage ſlip,
Embarked was in a tall proued Ship
Of *London*, the *Samaritan* ſhe hight,
Now note the fore-caſt of this famous wight:
The Ship he onely for her name did chuſe
In deteſtation of the faithleſſe Iewes:
For why the Iewes and the Samaritans,
Did hate as Chriſtians, Anti-Chriſtians.
Yet I ſuppoſe his ſpight to them did ſpring,
For I thinke what, and now I'le name the thing.

In

In his firſt fiue months ſtrange perambulation,
Hee was in danger of that peruerſe Nation. (him,
For they by wrongfull force, would haue ſurpriz'd
T'excoriat *Coriat*, and t'haue Circumcis'd him.
This dreadfull terrour of his Lady ware,
I geſſe the cauſe the Iewes he hatred bare.
How-euer was his intricate intent,
In the *Samaritan* to ſea he went:
And eare-abuſing falſe intelligence,
Said he was drown'd in *Neptunes* reſidence.
Thus falſe report did make mee much miſtake.
For which a faire recanting mends I'le make.
My greiued Muſe hath euer ſince his drowning,
Beene vext with ſorrow and continuall ſwowning:
But now ſhe's all attir'd with mirth and gladneſſe,
The Lye was good that made her ſicke with ſadneſſe.

KNow therefore Readers, whatſo'ere you are:
That this great *Britaine* braue *Odcombyan* ſtarre:
Was

Was toſt on *Neptunes* rough remorceleſſe waues:
Where each man look'd for timeleſſe briniſh graues:
For *Eolus* vnlock'd his vaulted Center,
And 'gainſt the Sea-God did in Armes aduenter
With winds vniayled came at vnawares,
And greene-fac'd *Neptune* with defiance dares
With all his watry Regiments to fight
Or yeeld this matchles, worthleſſe, wondrous knight.
The great humidious Monarke, tel's him plaine,
'Twere beſt he iog'd from his commanding Mayne:
And with his troupes of homeleſſe, rouing ſlaues:
Go hide him in the earths impriſon'd Caues:
And not diſturbe him in his Regall Throne,
For hee would keepe *Tom Coriat*, or elſe none.
Then *Eol* gan his windy wrath to vent:
And ſw ore by *Styx* that *Neptune* ſhould repent
This hautty high audacious inſolence,
Againſt his powerfull great magnificence.
Then *Triton*, founded, the alarme was giuen,
That from hels bottome to the skirts of heauen:

The

The repercuſſiue echoes of his ſounding
With dreadfull relaps backe againe redounding,
Then, then *Robuſtious* ſwolne cheek'd *Boreas* blaſts,
Teares, riues, and ſhiuers, Tacklins, Sailes, and Maſts:
In totter'd fragments all in peices ſhatred
Which heere and there confuſedly lay ſcatter'd.
Theſe hurly burly ſtormes and tempeſts tumbling
With dire amazing Thunder-thumping rumbling.
The mounting billowes, like great mountaines riſe,
As if they ment to drowne the lofty skies.
Then downe they fall to the *Tartarian* deepe,
As if the infernall Fiends they ment to ſteepe:
That ſure (I geſſe) a greater guſt was neuer,
Since *Iuno* did *Æneas* ruine endeuour.
The Kingly Sea-God (to auoide more harmes)
Caught *Coriat* (the cauſe of theſe Alarmes.)
And ſo his boiſterous windy foe depriu'd,
And home through worlds of flouds amaine he diu'd.
But awfull *Ioue* to his Imperiall ſpheare
Theſe grieuous garboiles chanced for to heare:

And

And to his brother *Neptune* downe he ſends
The wing heel'd *Mercury* with theſe commends:
To thee thou watry great commanding *Keaſar*,
I come from heauens Maieſticke mighty *Ceſar*:
Comanding thee by thy fraternall loue,
That from thy Coaſts thou preſently remoue
The man thou lately took'ſt, the worlds ſole wonder,
Or elſe hel'e rouze thee with diſtracting Thunder:
And therefore, as *Ioues* friendſhip thou doſt tender,
To ſaſe arriuall ſee thou doſt him render:
Whilſt *Mayes* ſonne his meſſage thus did tell,
A fury, like a Poſt-knight, came from hell:
And from th'infernall King of blacke *Auernus*,
Theſe words he vtter'd (which doth much concerne
From *Acherontickes*, *Phlegetontickes* waues, (vs.)
Thy brother *Pluto* thus much friend-ſhips craues:
Thou wilt ſend *Ceriat* downe with him to raigne,
And hee'le ſend thee as good a thing againe.
For *Proſerpina* his illuſtrious Pheare,
Of him, and his aduentures chanc'd to heare:

Becauſe a Gentleman vſher ſhe doth want,
To haue him *Pluto* begs thy friendly graut.
The *Marine* Monarke anſweres, thus it is:
You *Nuntius* from our Brethren *Ioue* and *Dis*:
Know ſuch a mortall is within my power,
Impriſon'd cloſe in *Tethis* ſiluer Bower:
I did ſurpriſe him midſt a thouſand toiles
Of warres, of iarres, of bloudy baneſull broiles:
My high-borne brother *Ioue* hath hither ſent,
Commanding me that I incontinent
Do ſafely ſet this new-found man a land,
And I from *Plato* further vnderſtand,
That he would haue him to *Ceres* Coaſt,
Where he and *Ceres* daughter rules the roaſt.
Firſt therefore I in wiſedome hold it beſt
To yeeld vnto the mighty *Ioues* requeſt:
And on the Grecian coaſt Ile ſafely place him,
Where he may wander where his fortune trace him.
Theſe meſſengers thus anſwer'd were diſmaſt,
And *Neptune* did to land his gueſt perſiſt:

But

But now all hell was in an expectation
For *Coriats* comming making preparation.
The *Stigian* Ferri-man on *Styxes* ſhore,
Did waite with diligence to waft him o're,
And hels three-headed Porter ſweetely ſung
For ioy, that all the Coaſts of *Limbo* rung
With howling Muſickes, dambe deſpightfull notes,
From out his triple Chaps, and treble throates.
Ixion from the tortring wheele was eas'd,
And pining *Tantall* was with Iunkets pleas'd,
And further, 'twas commanded, and decreed,
The Gripe no more on *Titius* guts ſhould feed.
The nine and forty wenches, water filling
In Tubs vnbottom'd which was euer ſpilling:
They all had leaue, to leaue their endleſſe toiles,
To dance, ſing, ſport, and to keepe reuell coiles.
Three forked *Hecate* to mirth was prone,
And *Siſiphus* gaue ore the reſtleſſe ſtone.
All, in concluſion had free leaue to play,
And for *Tom Coriats* ſake make holiday.

 Thus

Thus all blacke *Barrathrum* is fil'd with games,
With laſting bone-fires, caſting ſulphur-flames.
In Vſe'rers ſkuls the molten gold they quaffe,
And ſkink, and drink, and wink, and ſtinke, and laffe.
But when the Poſt was come and told his Tale,
Then all this ſport was turn'd to banefull bale.
Grim *Pluto* ſtorm'd, and *Proſerpina* mourn'd
And tortur'd Ghoſts, to torments were return'd.

THe Sea-God (carefull of great *Ioues* high heſt)
To great *Conſtantinople* brought his gueſt:
Where (nothing that may honour him omitting)
His entertainement to his ſtate was fitting:
There in all pleaſure he himſelfe diſports
Conuerſing daily with ſuch braue conſorts.
As Turkes, and Tartars, Engliſhmen, and Greekes,
That he thinkes ages yeares, and yeares but weekes
That's waſted in this rare time ſtealing chat,
All his delight's in nothing elſe but that.

But

But his high honour further to relate,
I'le ſing the new aduancement of his ſtate.
Some Engliſh Gentlemen with him conſulted,
And hee as nat'rally with them conſulted:
Where they perceiuing his deſerts were great,
They ſtriu'd to mount him into honours ſeate:
And being found of an vnmatched ſpright,
He there was double dub'd a doughty Knight.
Riſe vp ſir *Thomas*, worſhip'd maiſt thou be
Of people all (that are as wiſe as thee.)
Now rap't with ioy, my Muſe muſt needs record
How he was knighted with a royall ſword:
But into what a puzzell now got I am?
They ſay it was the Bilbo of King *Priam*.
The fatall blade which he in fury drew,
When in reuenge the *Myrmidons* he ſlew.
Im pell mel vengeance for great *Hectors* bane,
Who by *Achilles* faire foule-play was ſlaine.
That ſword that mow'd the *Grecians* like a ſithe:
That ſword that made victorious *Troyans* blithe.

That ſword, that through ſo many dangers rub'd,
That famous ſword hath *Monſieur Coriat* dub'd.
What though 'twas ruſty? ſpight of cankerd ruſt,
The memory of honour liues in duſt.
'Twas no diſgrace it was ſo ruſty ſhap'd,
It had (like *Coriat*) many a ſcowring ſcap'd.

BVt 'mongſt the reſt, this muſt not bee forgot,
How hee did from *Conſtantinople* trot,
And how a ſolemne counſell there decreed,
That he ſhould trauell in a *Grecian* weede.
To this (for his owne ſafety) they do wo him,
Becauſe the language is ſo nat'rall to him.
And then beſpake a ſober ſage wiſe fellow,
(when wine had made them all, ingenerall mellow)
Take heed quoth he, I counſell you beware
That of your ſelfe you haue a ſpeciall care
You be not taken for a *French-man*, for
The Turkes in theſe parts do the *French* abhor,

Since

Since *Godfries* time, that braue bold *Bullen* Duke,
Who put them all to ſhame and rough rebuke.
And made the *Sarazins* by Millions bleed
And holy Toombe, from faithleſſe fiends he freed.
Wherefore (quoth he) in friendſhip I aduiſe you
T'auoid ſuſpect 'twere beſt we Circumciſe you:
And then you freely may through perils paſſe
Deſpight the Turks, ſo like a *Grecian* Aſſe
No man with *Linxes* eies will deeme you other,
And thus you ſafely may ſuſpicion ſmother.
Sir *Thomas* gaue this fellowes ſpeech the hearing
But told him 'twas too heauy for his bearing:
For why, fall backe, fall edge, come good, come ill,
Hee vow'd to keepe his fore-mans fore-ſkin ſtill.
This reſolution was no ſooner ſpoken,
The friendly counſell was diſmiſt and broken.
Where after leaue was tane twixt him and them,
He tooke his iourney toward *Ieruſalem*:
And what hee can obſerue twixt morne and night,
With due obſeruance hee doth daily write,

That, if my iudgement be not much miſtooke,
An Elephant will ſcarce ſupport his booke.
For he in fiue months built a paper hulke,
And this muſt bee ten times of greater bulke.
O *Pauls-Church-yard*, I onely pitty thee,
Thou onely thou, ſhalt moſt encumbred bee:
Thou from the Preſſe art preſt to be oppreſt:
With many a far-fetch'd home-brought *Odcomb* ieſt.
But yet I know the *Stationers* are wiſe,
And well do know wherein the dangers lies:
For to ſuch inconuenience they'le not enter:
But ſuffers *Coriat* to abide th'aduenter:
Becauſe his Gyant volume is ſo large,
The'le giue ſir *Thomas* leaue to beare the charge.
That man is mad who changes gold for droſſe,
And ſo were they to buy a certaine loſſe:
Let him that got and bore the Barne ſtill breed it,
And nurſe, diſ burſe, and foſter, cloth, and feede it.

Thus

THus hath my Muſe(as fortune her alloted)
Both run and rid, and gallopt, ambled, trotted
To skies, and ſeas, and to blacke hell below
In ſeruile duty that my loue doth owe.
My captiue thoughts, like truſty ſeruants to him,
Striue how they any way may ſeruice do him.
To ſerue his turne like Prentices they gree,
Ioue ſend Sir *Thomas* home to make them free.

Epilogue

Epilogue to Sir *Thomas Coriat* vpon his name.

VVHy haue I ſpent my time thus *Coriat?*
Wherefore on thy leud lines thus pore I at?
Why like an Ideot foole adore —— I at
Thy workes? which wiſedome will not glory at
At no place euer was before —— I at
Where wonders vpon wonder more —— I at
With pen, inſteed of Lance, now gore —— I at
Thy *Odcomb* foppery now bore —— I at
At thy prides altitude, now ſore —— I at
Thou art the Theame I write my —— ſtory at
If ought befell me to be —— fory at
Hard-hearted fate 'gainſt thee then rore —— I at

Vpon

Vpon his bookes name, called his *Crudities.*

TOm Coriat, I haue ſeene thy *Crudities*,
And, me-thinkes, very ſtrangely brude it is,
VVith peece and patch together glude it is,
And how (like thee) ill-fauour'd hu'de it is,
In many a line I ſee that lew'd —— it is,
And therefore fit to be ſubdew'd —— it is,

VVithin thy broyling braine-pan ſtude —— it is,
And twixt thy grinding iawes well chewd it is,
VVithin thy ſtomacke cloſely mude —— it is,
And laſt in Court and Country ſpude —— it is:
But now by wiſedomes eye that view'd it is,
They all agree that very rude —— it is.

VVith

Vpon his crudities.

With foolery ſo full endu'de——— it is,
That wondrouſly by fooles purſu'de—— it is,
As ſweete as gals amaritude——— it is,
And ſeeming full of Pulchritude——— it is:
But more to write but to intrude—— it is,
And therefore wiſedome to conclude—— it is:

A Simile for his Learning.

THe luſhious Grape of *Bacchus* heating Vine,
When it to ripe maturity is ſprung,
Is preſt, and ſo conuerted into wine,
Then clos'd in Caske moſt tight at head and bung:
For if by chance, it chanceth to take vent:
It ſpils the wine in colour, ſtrength, and ſent.

Eu'n ſo thy *Latin*, and thy *Greeke* was good
Till in thy muſty Hogges-head it was put:
And *Od*ly there *Com*mixed with thy bloud,
Not wiſely kept, nor well nor tightly ſhut:
That of the Caske it taſtes ſo, I aſſure thee,
That few (or none) can (but in ſport) endure thee.

My Fare-well to him.

NOw *Coriat*, I with thee haue euer done,
My Muſe vnto her iournies end hath wonne:
My firſt Inuentions highly did diſpleaſe thee,
And theſe my laſt are written to appeaſe thee:
I wrought theſe great *Herculean* workes to win thee,
Then if they pleaſe thee not the foole's within thee:
VVhat next I write, ſhall better be or none,
Do thou let me, and I'le let thee alone.
But if thou ſeem'ſt to rub a galled ſore,
Vindict is vengeance makes all Hell to rore.

FINIS.